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Golgos and Paphos and Idalion, but at the same time in presence of the English commissioner, who will then have to decide whether I was justified in making the statements that appeared in *The Cyprus Herald*, October 6th, 1883.

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EX-ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SAVAGE testified at the Di Cesnola trial that the director had given orders that no press privileges were to be accorded to any one but the critic of *The Evening Post* and the special salaried reporter of the Museum. Times have changed. "There arose a king who knew not Joseph." The present art critic of *The Evening Post* does not believe in Mr. Di Cesnola's scholarship, and when he called, not long since, in response to an invitation to a special press view sent to his journal, he was refused admittance. The *Times* and *THE ART AMATEUR* have for a long time been excluded from Mr. Di Cesnola's press list for presuming to criticise the management of the Museum, but they manage to bear the deprivation with equanimity. MONTEZUMA.

THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THE Society of American Artists has this year certainly distinguished itself by making the greatest exhibition of charlatanry that the public of New York has ever been amused with. The general exhibit of William M. Chase does not show in any respect the qualities which mark a master. There is nothing new, nothing more inspirational than one sees in any display of chic. The deference to Mr. Chase shown by the Society in placing his works on the line in such superabundance, while better pictures were excluded altogether from the exhibition, justifies the retirement from the committee of St. Gaudens and other serious men, to avoid taking part in such a travesty of selection. It will be well for American art if this convulsion be the last, and the Society of American Artists drop out of a field where, if distinguished competence is not always to be expected, at least conspicuous buffoonery is not pardonable. Among Mr. Chase's contributions a codfish alone in his "Still-life" is above mediocrity. If he were clever in his execution of these inanities, there would be some excuse for admiration of them, for even good legerdemain in painting has a certain interest; but his hand is heavy and inaccurate at the same time.

The admirers of Mr. Chase are, as was to be expected, in a majority of the exhibitors. J. Carroll Beckwith has a large composition of children and landscape, of less pretension and slightly greater sincerity than the work of his leader, but indicating as a whole pretty much the same view of the general value of art that Mr. Chase holds, as if he would say, "Be huge, be reckless; show that you are above nature and refined art alike; that you are bound by no rule or propriety, and an ignorant public will be sure to take you for great, and the learned are so few that it is of no use to bother one's self to work hard for them." This is the moral of the school of Mr. Chase.

Kenyon Cox takes a more serious view of his art in general, and his "Rose"—a nude female figure reclining at full length on a couch—is painted with great care and in parts with great success in drawing; but it is juvenile work, weak in technical qualities, and graceless as a whole. It would be unjust to rank Mr. Cox as in the train of Mr. Chase, because his qualities are of a much higher order, but as yet unformed, and his individuality, while unmistakable, is in want of a thorough training as to the ensemble of his work. His landscapes, "Flying Shadows" and "Thistle Down," are well felt, but crudely incomplete and ambitious beyond his power of management. There is no question as to Mr. Cox's abilities, but he should find company of another temper than that he seems to have chosen.

Mr. Bunker, the landscapist of the school, sends two landscapes of French subjects, heavy in color, opaque, and with nothing of the luminousness of out-doors or the care and deliberation of in-door work. It is possible that he has the qualifications of a landscape painter, but these pictures do not show it; and like Mr. Cox we advise him to change his company if he would get in a better way of study. He should learn that the lights of a landscape should have some suggestion of luminousness, and its shadows of transparency.

Mr. Sartain has a good piece of color in "The Road to the Sea," and the motive is earnestly and poetically felt. The same, with less commendation for quality

of color and sincerity of execution, might be said for Mr. Stites's "Banks of the Hudson;" but in the work of Mr. Thayer we are plunged again into the vicious characteristics of the school, which seems to have taken control of the Society. Mr. Thayer's work has evidences of great natural ability, and the "Portraits of Two Ladies" has points of great force, but coupled with affectations of nonchalance as to the completeness of his work, which are far from complimentary to the two ladies who are the subjects of his study. Mr. Thayer mistakes the nature of art if he thinks that this assumed negligence as to his details is an artistic quality; it is simply a silly affectation, a clumsy imitation of the lightness of hand of a great master of execution. It happens sometimes that a great painter in earnest haste touches lightly the details of his work, and that the accessories are only indicated, though always in their true values; but no great painter, even in his haste, ever did such work as the right hand or the further lady which rests on the hip of the nearer one: its flimsiness is studied, affected, and therefore vulgar, for all affectation is vulgar. The picture as a whole has the air of a good beginning, nothing more, and that not of a master above careful work and study. Nothing is more saddening in our art than the tendency of our younger painters of real talent to drop into the attitude of little masters who have no more to learn, and become thenceforward their own law.

Mr. Butler's "Reflections" is as shallow as any reflection can be—mere pointing at nature—and nothing can be more exasperating to a sincere lover of nature than this trifling with her most superficial appearances, and the incompleteness with which the attempt is followed out. "Reflections" is only to be noted for its audacity in attacking a difficult subject: the success is not at all surprising or impressive.

Frank Fowler's "At the Piano" begins to leave the flimsy school, though still far from solid; but what the really fine and masterly "Portrait" of Mr. Alexander has to do with this medley, any more than Mr. Porter's "Portrait of a Lady" or Mr. Lippincott's "Portrait," we cannot imagine, or how the committee which welcomes Mr. Chase's vacuities and the huge "Mauvaise Herbe" of Mr. Donoho—mere weeds of art although hugely displayed on the line—can also accept Messrs. Alexander and Butler as worthy their places on the line. There must have been a dearth of rubbish when these were well hung. Gallantry would account for Miss Greatorex's "Sketch" getting so good a place in spite of its being a sincere and really admirable study; but Mr. Millet naturally with such a hanging committee goes toward the ceiling, on the rule that careful work must be put as high as possible.

However, jesting apart, the committee deserve the moderate thanks of the public for allowing Mr. Low's "Narcissa," Mr. Maynard's "Bride," and Mr. Baker's "Silence" to be seen at all. Mr. Eaton's "Still-life" is hung where it can hardly be seen, but two studies of flowers by ladies—"Laurel" by Miss Stillman, and "Chrysanthemums" by Miss Stone—are well hung, as they deserve, being the best of their kind here. Mr. Palmer's "Oat-field" shows great natural powers, and the vicious way of painting which belongs to the Society, and which he should drop.

As to Messrs. Ryder and Blakelock, who seem to fancy that art is enough and that nature has no place in the studio, they will have to learn that if art is the end of the painter's effort, nature is the material of his study, and no such complete divorce as Mr. Ryder, especially, shows can lead to a permanent position. The groove is too narrow, even if deep, and too commonplace—it lacks originality utterly. Blakelock is wider in his range, but equally astray in his direction. There is no such thing possible as painting marines without knowing how to paint the sea, nor landscape without knowledge of the facts of nature. If art rises above the actuality of nature, it rarely goes contrary to it, and any painter who conceives differently must justify his work by exceptional power and great imagination, which neither Mr. Ryder nor Mr. Blakelock shows. They have strong one-sided feeling for color, but little for nature, and none for qualities equally as important in art as that which they seek. They have the redeeming element of true poetical feeling and sincerity, but their art is a mistake and a needless sacrifice of qualities better than those they attain.

Mr. Volk's "Accused of Witchcraft" must conclude this notice. It is a picture with much dramatic power and genuine ability in painting, but already

showing the influence of the flimsy school to a dangerous extent; the color is leathery and the execution glib and meaningless. The painter could do much better work, but he must follow a better method than that he has chosen. J. M. T.

THE MUSEUM LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE liberality of the owners of good pictures in New York and Brooklyn is sure to result in a good Metropolitan loan exhibition every summer, and is a sufficient reply to the absurd allegations of the protectionists that the wealthy picture-owners do not give the public the benefit of their pictures. There are probably few if any good pictures in New York or Brooklyn which have not been exhibited, and some of them repeatedly, and many of them have become public property by the bequest of their former owners.

Of the loans this year the most noteworthy is Gérôme's "Muezzin's Call to Prayer," a picture in the artist's best vein, which is in actualities of Eastern life. The Muezzin, aloft on his minaret, calls the faithful to their evening prayer, and the night effect over the city, spread out below in its simple verity, is one of Gérôme's happiest efforts. He is essentially a literary artist, and his gifts do not extend to the highest qualities of art; his color is frigid, his drawing matter-of-fact and severe, without any perception of that grace which belongs to classic art. In the quaint and picturesque incidents of Eastern life he finds what supplies the imagination and passion, which he has not. There are not many examples of the European masters so exceptionally representative of them as this is of Gérôme; but Troyon's "Sheep," belonging to Mr. Colgate, is surpassed in the quality of its work by very few pictures of that artist; and of all that we know of Van Marcke's painting, nothing is more satisfactory than the picture by him belonging to the same gentleman, who is also the fortunate owner of a sunset by Rousseau, which is among the best examples of its painter. Hamon's "Il faut toujours qu'il s'arrete partout,"—a little cupid led by a cord by a nymph, stopping to smell a flower with a charming action, and the nymph standing patient with the vagaries of her little prisoner—belongs to Fairman Rogers. Hamon was, of all those who have attempted the idyllic form of painting, the most fortunate, and the one to whom it was most entirely native. Of fragile physique and poetic mind he lived apart from the boisterousness of the generality of his art contemporaries, a dreamer of gentle dreams, a poet who saw in art nothing but its refinement, sympathy and grace. He died young, but one can hardly imagine his ever being old, for his pictures are always the very blossom of immortal youth; and of the lesser works he has left we do not remember one more touching or more characteristic. His art is not archaeological nor literary; its charm is in its perfect sense of beauty and in the exquisite refinement of its types not less than in the subtle and opalescent modulation of his color, more touching than the work of many great colorists.

Vautier's "Mayor's Dinner" is for him more than usually complex, and dramatic in a quiet way. The chief man of the village is about proposing the Mayor's health, and he is in the gratified embarrassment of a man who does not know yet how to reply to the compliments being paid him. The Munkacsy, an interior, is not better or worse than his usual art—a collection of objects of various kinds, all painted with the same force and painful glitter, no atmosphere, no unity, no fusion of color or outline—no ensemble in fact. It impresses one like the declamation of an orator who makes a climax in every sentence, and wearies by the excess of his eloquence. He is the anarchist of painters, as Courbet was the democrat—there is no subordination and no reserve of force. He paints a chair or a bit of stuff with the same attention and the same hard unsympathetic touch that he does his heads—his pictures are marvels of force and ugliness.

Jacque has an example of his earlier and more natural style in "The Stables," belonging to Thomas A. Howell. Defregger is in his best vein in "The Little Soldiers," also from the collection of Mr. Howell; Mr. Bridgman has, to our mind, never done anything better than his "Nubian Story Teller," the property of Dr. Keep, of Brooklyn, and the "Return of the Mayflower," belonging to Fairman Rogers, is in the earlier and better vein of Mr. Boughton, whose later work never reaches this level. W. J. S.